

September 2005

The Newsletter of the Knights of the brown Bottle

Volume 9, No 9

# The Knightly News



NINKASI, GODDESS OF BEER, INVITES YOU TO  
**HOPTOBERFEST**  
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 2005

# Hoptoberfest Is On! From the Prez:

Summer's coming to a close, and as the air starts to cool, and the leaves begin to change, a young man's fancy turns to...beer! Autumn is one of the best times to brew. Traditionally, it was the start of the brewing season, as before refrigeration, it was too hot to brew during summer. So, just as kegs of hardy ales and lagers, particularly the Oktoberfest style, were being pulled from the cool cellars and caves where they'd waited out the summer, brewers were firing up their kettles and getting ready for the year's production. What better time to celebrate!

We'll be doing all three on October 22nd, as we celebrate the Knight's of the Brown Bottles annual autumn party and brew in. This tradition started several years back, when J. B. Flowers hosted several Knights to brew a Pumpkin ale. For several years after, Pumpkinfest was held each October. This has gradually morphed into a more Oktoberfest like celebration, and this year, the theme has changed again slightly. 'Hoptoberfest' will still feature a pumpkin ale on tap, and lots of great German food to enjoy, but we'll also be honoring everyone's favorite twining, dioecious plant, *Humulus Lupulus*, i.e., the hop. We'll have some great bitter beers on tap, a variety of hop giveaways, and a guided tasting of the west coast's newest style, the Double IPA.

So mark your calendars, and polish up your brew rigs, and get ready for Hoptoberfest 2005.



Greetings Knights! With a blink of an eye, the month of August has disappeared like an ice cream cone in the hot Texas sun. And maybe even faster if the dog takes it while I'm not looking!

Our monthly meeting was held at Richard Turner's house – thank you Richard for hosting. The membership turnout was light – and I will assume that those who couldn't attend were out of town on vacation or in the emergency room. Either way, we will need a note from your mother or your doctor to excuse your absence. Even Don ChuChu, an honorary member, was unable to attend. It is possible that he showed up late –but that would have been after we adjourned the meeting.

Summer months are always tough brewing months. Vacations and fun things like that tend to distract brewers and the Texas heat has a strange effect on fermentation unless you have a fridge or freezer.

We did hold a brew in at my house on the Saturday following the Iron Mash. The competition was most generous in their grain bills, so a number of us decided to put those grains to use and have an "After-Mash" brewing session.

We had a great turnout for the party, and were well into our second mash when Jimbo

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## From the Prez:

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noticed a solid wall of water falling on the neighbor's roof. Wow, that was weird; it was a torrential downpour 30 yards away and perfectly dry where we were! That didn't last long, as Hurricane Lurlene blew in and took over the event! It was raining dogs and cats and wind was blowing everything sideways – there wasn't a dry spot on the deck, even under the awning. We quickly moved the party inside.

Things got worse, and the power went out no less than three times. Each time I struck a match to light my hurricane oil lamp, the power would come back on. We played this game for more than an hour. Meanwhile, the mash was sitting out in the open, and our Saison, which had been chilling, while covered in the boil kettle, was still exposed to the elements. I think, though, that we may have found that extra “funk” that will make this an exceptional beer!

During the power surges, we did manage to entertain ourselves at the Dogfish Head website ([www.dogfish.com](http://www.dogfish.com)). They put together a hilarious 16 minute movie about the perils of being a hop addict. If you have a high speed internet connection, I would recommend that you download the piece – it will be worth your time.

All of the beers appeared to have survived, and will hit the bottles and kegs soon. The saison will definitely be ready for our Hoptoberfest – the lager... should be close.

I also had an opportunity this month to get out and see how the “other half” lives. For many years I've heard stories about an event called “vacation”, and this year I decided to give it a try – not a full blown vacation – just a couple days. What could possibly go wrong at the shop if I were gone for 48 hours?? Famous last words...

A friend, Jaymer, whom some of you have met, had a place in West Palm Beach,

Florida, so I decided to head out there and get a little down time. I packed my swimsuit, a toothbrush and a 12 pack of homebrew. And yes, you can get through security with a dozen, unlabeled brown bottles.

Jaymer had met some Brits earlier in the week and invited them over to grill out Friday night. Jaymer got himself into the BBQ business and brought with him a 15 lb top cut of beef. We pulled out a credit card to measure the thickness of the cuts, and sliced up a total of 5 steaks. Yes, 5 three pound steaks, two inches thick. We were working from a recipe called “T-Rex Steaks” – no kidding... so that's what happened to the dinosaurs – they were grilled!

Gary and Cat (the “Brits”) came over as we were searing the steaks. Their eyes nearly popped at the sight of T-Rex on the grills. Gary offered to order us up some beers from the bar, but complained that the strongest beer they had was a Weisse hidden away in the cooler. Jaymer and I smiled knowingly, and I touched the bucket of iced homebrews with my foot just to confirm their existence.

The moon was bright and full and a light, cool breeze was blowing off the ocean. We each had a T-Rex sitting in front of us and a tall glass of Belgian Golden homebrew in our hand. Words couldn't describe the emotions – so this is what “vacation” feels like. I think I like it! And greater strides in US-Euro relations will never be seen! Needless to say, there wasn't much T-Rex left over, and I was able to save Jaymer 4 bottles of home brew only because I had left them back in the suite.

The night ended and Saturday crept upon us. Not content with just a feast, we decided that today would be a great day for a beer hunt! I had done some pre-trip research on beers. From that and past folklore about a magical homebrew store in Orlando, we decided to diverge from our planned route back to Tampa, and wander up to  
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## The Hymn to Ninkasi - Making Beer

The Hymn to Ninkasi, inscribed on a nineteenth-century B.C. Sumerian tablet, is considered one of the oldest recipes for making beer. We reproduce it here in honor of the Goddess of beer, and sponsor of 'Hoptoberfest.'

*Translation by Miguel Civil*

Borne of the flowing water (...)  
 Tenderly cared for by the Ninhursag,  
 Borne of the flowing water (...)  
 Tenderly cared for by the Ninhursag,  
 Having founded your town by the sacred lake,  
 She finished its great walls for you,  
 Ninkasi, having founded your town by the sacred lake,  
 She finished its great walls for you  
 Your father is Enki, Lord Nidimmud,  
 Your mother is Ninti, the queen of the sacred lake,  
 Ninkasi, Your father is Enki, Lord Nidimmud,  
 Your mother is Ninti, the queen of the sacred lake.  
 You are the one who handles the dough,  
 [and] with a big shovel,  
 Mixing in a pit, the bappir with sweet aromatics,  
 Ninkasi, You are the one who handles  
 the dough, [and] with a big shovel,  
 Mixing in a pit, the bappir with [date]-honey.  
 You are the one who bakes the bappir  
 in the big oven,  
 Puts in order the piles of hulled grains,  
 Ninkasi, you are the one who bakes  
 the bappir in the big oven,  
 Puts in order the piles of hulled grains,  
 You are the one who waters the malt  
 set on the ground,  
 The noble dogs keep away even the potentates,  
 Ninkasi, you are the one who waters the malt  
 set on the ground,  
 The noble dogs keep away even the potentates.  
 You are the one who soaks the malt in a jar  
 The waves rise, the waves fall.  
 Ninkasi, you are the one who soaks  
 the malt in a jar  
 The waves rise, the waves fall.  
 You are the one who spreads the cooked  
 mash on large reed mats,  
 Coolness overcomes.  
 Ninkasi, you are the one who spreads  
 the cooked mash on large reed mats,  
 coolness overcomes.

You are the one who holds with both hands  
 the great sweet wort,  
 Brewing [it] with honey and wine  
 (You the sweet wort to the vessel)  
 Ninkasi, (...)  
 (You the sweet wort to the vessel)

The filtering vat, which makes  
 a pleasant sound,  
 You place appropriately on [top of]  
 a large collector vat.  
 Ninkasi, the filtering vat,  
 which makes a pleasant sound,  
 You place appropriately on [top of]  
 a large collector vat.

When you pour out the filtered beer  
 of the collector vat,  
 It is [like] the onrush of  
 Tigris and Euphrates.  
 Ninkasi, you are the one who pours out the  
 filtered beer of the collector vat,  
 It is [like] the onrush of  
 Tigris and Euphrates.



# Knights Pub Crawl!

A small contingent of Knights sallied forth to far Plano in August to check out the fabled Bavarian Grill. On their way back, they made stops at Ben's Half Yard House, and the Gin-german.



Brad, Mandy, Dacia and Kurt, Gettin' their Oompah On!



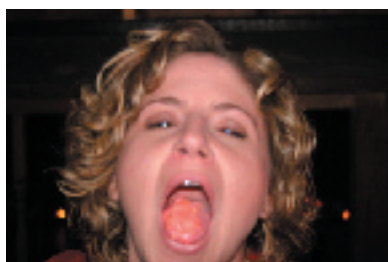
Tyrolean Hats were de rigneur!



Jimbo and Jamie are Pondering Good Beer



Our Prez, Brad, with long lost members Lane and A.J.



Erika tries out some Pop Rocks

Before ----->  
<-----After

## From the Prez:

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the land of the Magic Kingdom.

It took little time to locate Hearts Homebrew (thanks to Google Maps and [www.heartshomebrew.com](http://www.heartshomebrew.com)). We wandered into what appeared to be your typical local homebrew shop – stacked to the ceiling with boxes of various equipment, malts and bottle caps. So deep was the inventory, that we walked right by Dave, the proprietor, without so much as even noticing him. Perhaps it didn't help that I had already spotted the fabled wall of beer – so beautifully displayed behind the glass cooler doors. I've found my nirvana (at least continentally)!

Like a kid in a candy store, I had to touch everything twice – only after standing there for a moment, which seemed like an eternity, to take in the whole view. How hard could it be to pick out a dozen beers? A lone thought scampered across my brain - I need a bigger carry-on cooler for the next trip!

My eyes immediately fixed on a blue cap with the number "10" on top. I don't even need to tell Belgian beer lovers what I was looking at – a Rochefort 10! Yes! Oh, but it was the last one. I grabbed it quickly and held it close – into MY six pack carrier it goes! Mine, mine, MINE!!! My eyes glazed over as I went bottle by bottle, rack by rack, then repeated. I wasn't going to miss a label. Eventually I filled my quota of 12, and selected a couple more to enjoy with Jaymer that evening. After all, he was part of the beer hunt and truly deserved a treat!

I eventually came back to earth, and toted my prizes up to the counter. We talked with Dave for a while – and I noticed that they had not one, not two, but THREE Bluebonnet Steins on their shelf! I introduced myself as a Knight, and handed him one of those sweet business cards Larro created for us. Suddenly, it was like talking with a long lost friend! He says "HI" to all of the North Texas Hombrewers – with whom he has shared many a

beer, and greetings to our "older" club members – most of whom are no longer active in the club. Oh, and the partial recall of Bluebonnets past... I gladly parted with my hard earned dollars (\$70.00 for a 12 pack – oh, technically a "14 pack" of beer) and waived goodbye to the beers I left behind... the gueezes, the Westmalle Dubbel, the local microbrews I so badly wanted to taste, all of you whom I wish I could have taken with. I had already forgotten my disappointment when Dave told me that he didn't have either the Thomas Hardy nor the JW Lee's in stock. Sad as that may have been, I smiled quietly because I know Jaymer knows where he will be in the very near future!!

We spent a "cultural" evening at home, back in Tampa, watching the pay-per-view Ultimate Fighting Championship on a home theatre projector – darn near life sized! We enjoyed Berliner Kindl Weisse (I know, but I had to have a taste to go heads up with Humperdink's version) for the "lightweight" fights, and the real Skullsplitter for the main event. Jaymer was a little taken back by the Berliner – but liked it. And what can be said about a Skullsplitter – other than "it's gone already??"

I think I like this concept called "vacation". I think I may have to try it again some time!  
Relax – Have a hombrew!!

~ Sir Brad Berven





**MISSION Statement**

The mission of the Knights of the Brown Bottle and this newsletter is to serve as a forum to promote public awareness and appreciation of the quality and variety of homebrewed beer through the collection and dissemination of information regarding the art and science of homebrewing, and to promote the responsible use of beer as an alcohol - containing beverage. The club newsletter is published monthly and highlights the events and meetings of the club, local beer events and technical information that will help everyone brew better beer. Items for publication are welcomed and encouraged. The deadline is the last Friday of the month, for the following months newsletter. Items should be directed to Chris Owen  
E-Mail : ludichris@comcast.net

**KNIGHTS OF THE BROWN BOTTLE  
MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FOR 2005**

NAME-----  
 EMAIL-----  
 PHONE-----  
 ADDRESS-----  
 AMOUNT PAID \$ -----  
 DATE-----

Please forward information to Richard Turner, Secretary, KOB. (don't forget to let us know if it changes)



## Neat Beer of the Month!

While on his annual visit to his wife's hometown, Bergen, Norway, Harold Hedlund cracked open his first Hansa beer. After tasting the delicious brew, he looked at Tova and said, "Honey, this is damn good beer!" But Tova, being a hometown girl, knew Hansa was the smoothest, crisp, clean beer.

So after his sixth Hansa, Harold decides to contact his son to tell him of his idea to import Hansa to America. Of course it was the middle of the night in LA, but HK took the call. Harold exclaims, "I've just had the best beer I've ever tasted". Thrilled for him, HK said "good for you, bring me some, goodnight."

Fast forward two years and Hansa is the only Norwegian Beer sold in the U.S. It's sold in over 20 states and counting, and recommended by four out of five girls wearing bikini bottoms.

So...bottoms up, I guess!